

# The Times-Dispatch

Business Office.....315 E. Main Street  
 South Richmond.....100 Main Street  
 Petersburg Bureau.....102 N. Spotswood Street  
 Lynchburg Bureau.....215 Eighth Street

ST. MAIL. One Six Three One  
 Year. Mo. Mo. Mo. Mo.  
 Daily with Sunday.....\$4.00 \$1.00 \$1.00 \$1.00  
 Daily without Sunday.....\$3.00 \$1.00 \$1.00 \$1.00  
 Sunday edition only.....\$1.00 \$1.00 \$1.00 \$1.00  
 Weekly (Wednesday).....\$1.00 \$1.00 \$1.00 \$1.00

By Times-Dispatch Carrier Delivery  
 Service in Richmond (and suburbs) and  
 Petersburg.....One Week  
 Daily with Sunday.....\$1.00  
 Daily without Sunday.....\$1.00  
 Sunday edition only.....\$1.00

Entered January 27, 1903, at Richmond,  
 Va., as second-class matter under act  
 of Congress of March 3, 1879.

SUNDAY, JUNE 16, 1912.

## DO NOT GRANT FRANCHISE.

The Richmond and Henrico Railway Company should not be granted the electric light and power franchise they are now seeking. The Richmond and Henrico Railway Company, after deliberating for eight years, finally decided to build and operate a street car line in this city in competition with a company that was already furnishing adequate service. The investment of the Richmond and Henrico Railway Company in this competing street car line is not believed to be profitable.

The Richmond and Henrico Railway Company now seeks to enter the field of supplying light and power to the people of Richmond. In asking for this privilege, the Richmond and Henrico Railway Company does not allege—that it is not one else allege—that the rates now paid by the citizens of Richmond for light and power are exorbitant or unfair. Nor does the Richmond and Henrico Railway Company offer, or promise, or hold out any benefits to the people of Richmond by a reduction in such rates.

The Richmond and Henrico Railway Company has so far contented itself with the argument that it was entitled to the right of competition in furnishing light and power to the citizens of Richmond. This principle The Times-Dispatch wholly and absolutely denies. There is no inherent right of competition for supplying public utilities. The experience of the world bears out the statement that competition, where it does exist in municipalities between local public service corporations, only lasts for a short while, and the temporary advantages gained by the consumer in unprofitable rates are ultimately more than paid for by the public.

This is how it works out. The competing companies, after a more or less extended show of active competition, get together, pool their business, sell out the one to the other, and load upon the public in the shape of a bonded debt the whole cost of the competition. There is no alchemy in competition which can reduce the cost of production below the price fixed by intelligent and successful operation. Nor could competition give to Richmond or any other city a steady rate lower than that which is fixed by the cost of supplying the service.

In the case before us the sole and only guiding principle should be the welfare of the citizens. In the light of experience, there is no doubt that that welfare will be better served by regulating the Virginia Railway and Power Company through the Corporation Commission, or through the City Council, than by opening the floodgates to a competition whose end is already foreseen, and whose result will be to load upon the shoulders of this community the interest charges for the sums paid by that company, which, with or without the waste of the rate-cutting war, acquires the other.

The people of Richmond must bear in mind that the rules of business are just as fixed as the law of gravitation. Neither company will indefinitely furnish light and power at a loss. They will find a means to divide the city, or to divide the customers, or raise the rates, or to consolidate the companies, and so save themselves from financial destruction. This is the experience of the world, and even if it were not the experience of the world, it would be the foreseeable and inevitable result of what is now being attempted in Richmond. Law is law. Business is business. And protestations before the Council cannot, and will not, prevent consolidation afterwards. When such consolidation takes place, the cost of the whole undertaking—that is to say, the cost of the money wasted in duplication of plants; the money expended in securing a franchise; the money lost in operation—are all gathered into a heavy and crushing burden and laid upon the defenseless backs of the ultimate consumers.

Why should Richmond bow its back to receive this burden? Why should we restrict the opportunity of this city to grow by placing an obvious and unnecessary cost upon the great and important industry of supplying electric power?

It has been stated, and not denied, that the rates for light and power for Richmond to-day are lower than those in the great majority of cities in this country. Nor has the Richmond and Henrico Railway Company offered to make a reduction in rates, rather, that company has admitted that the rates now charged are in themselves reasonable. What possible advantage, then, can the Council secure for the city of Richmond by granting to the Richmond and Henrico Railway Company the right to tear up the streets and install a plant far in excess of the needs of the city at present?

Now, the examples of other cities all show that the end of competition is

consolidation, and the courts have decided that in consolidation the costs of the abandoned plants can be loaded on the public. And that is exactly what will be done in Richmond.

Yet, with the memory of other days; with the recollection of the benefits the city secured by competition between the Traction Company and the Fisher Company, there is a natural and wholly intelligible feeling that competition is a good thing. To this feeling The Times-Dispatch would say unhesitatingly that competition is good where there is no other means to secure fair rates and reasonable service. But, in the present instance, the city receives from the Virginia Railway and Power Company admittedly excellent services at reasonable rates.

In the other case, neither rates nor service were satisfactory, and no other means of redress, but competition was at hand.

Competition cannot improve present conditions, but competition, with its attendant costs, can, and inevitably will, lay a heavy hand upon future development and extension of the lighting facilities of the city. It will divert to the payment of interest on outstanding capital charges money that might be applied to developing the electric facilities of the city or reducing the cost to the consumers. It will add Richmond as only one more to the long list of those cities who, led on by weak sentimentality, or utter ignorance of the principles of public service business, have recklessly granted public franchises, only to find that it had put in the hands of consolidation a legal and unbreakable means for extorting further contributions from the defenseless consumer.

Why should we give to a corporation a privilege whose value consists in its power to levy a tribute on all the citizens? As a matter of fact, if sentiment is to guide in this matter, it would be better for Richmond to issue bonds and reimburse the Richmond and Henrico Railway Company for what they have lost than to give a franchise which will ultimately be a heavy charge on all the citizens. Nor can the contention be supported that only by competition can regulation be secured. Competition has failed to regulate public service corporations everywhere; that is why Virginia showed enough enlightenment to create its Corporation Commission.

We have before us to-day in the Corporation Commission and the City Council a full, perfect and sufficient means for controlling the services rendered by the Virginia Railway and Power Company and the rates charged by them for that service. Why, then, should Richmond, as a city, deliberately forego the benefits of an admitted and established means for regulation and bark back to an exploded and expensive method of exploiting the needs of a community?

This is not a question between two competing companies; it is a question between the citizens of Richmond and their Council. What the citizen wants is a maximum service at the minimum price. What the Council wants is to secure that right and privilege for this community. And it is the deliberate opinion of The Times-Dispatch that the welfare of Richmond and of its citizens will be advanced and furthered by refusing the light and power franchise sought by the Richmond and Henrico Railway Company, and by regulating the Virginia Railway and Power Company.

## THE GREAT EXCEPTION.

There is an ancient and heretofore unbroken tradition that a candidate for the presidency of the United States shall remain away from the convention at which he seeks the nomination. Fifty-two years have seen no breach of an unwritten law framed by dignity, by propriety, by self-respect and by a just regard for the great office involved.

Lincoln did not attend either of the conventions that nominated him. Grant did not attend either of the conventions that nominated him, nor even when he was an unsuccessful re-entrant candidate for a third term. Blaine, the leading Republican candidate for the nomination in 1876, did not attend the convention that nominated him. Hayes did not attend the convention that nominated him. Garfield was a delegate to the convention which nominated him, but he was not a candidate and was selected as a compromise only after the leading candidates were forced out of the race by their inability to capture each other's votes. Harrison was a delegate to the convention which nominated him, but when it became apparent that he was likely to be nominated as a compromise candidate, he left the hall. He did not go to the convention which re-nominated him in 1892, and Blaine, who was opposing him for the nomination within the party, also refused to go. McKinley did not go to either of the conventions that nominated him. Roosevelt did not attend the convention which nominated him in 1894, and Taft did not attend the convention which nominated him, nor will he attend the Chicago convention this year.

Douglas did not attend the convention which nominated him in 1860. McClellan did not attend the convention that nominated him. Seymour presided over the Democratic National Convention of 1868, but he was not a candidate and used every effort to prevent his own nomination. Greeley did not attend the convention that nominated him. Tilden did not attend the convention that nominated him. Hancock did not attend the convention that nominated him. Cleveland never attended a national convention, al-

though he was nominated in 1884, 1888 and 1892. Bryan went to the Chicago convention of 1896 as a contesting delegate, and was nominated as the result of a speech, but he did not go to Kansas City, where he was an avowed candidate for the nomination, nor did he go to Denver when he was last nominated. Parker did not attend the convention that nominated him.

Roosevelt is the only President, in or out of office, who ever attended a national convention save as a delegate. Roosevelt is the only leading aspirant for a presidential nomination who ever attended a national convention save as a delegate. Roosevelt is the only man who ever violated the rule of presidential dignity that a candidate for the presidency shall not attend the national convention from which he asks nomination. Roosevelt is the only man who ever actively sought a third term. Roosevelt is the only man who ever dragged the presidency into the mud of personal politics.

But what of it? Roosevelt can do no wrong. Roosevelt can break no law; he is higher than the law and wiser than custom; the safety of Roosevelt is the supreme law. The candidates who never stooped to attend the national convention in their own behalf were reactionaries and mollycoddles and fossils and old stiffs and stuffed shirts and turtles and old fogies and mossbacks. To Roosevelt the presidency means an opportunity to slug 'em over the ropes and paste 'em in the lamps. What is the past to Roosevelt, when the whole present and the whole future of the people of the United States are wrapped up in him? What is the wisdom of the fathers compared with the benevolent omniscience of this insatiable madman, who shouts: "I am the state, I am the government, I incarnate all wisdom and infallibility. I am the whole cheese, and I am it!"

REAL FAIRYLAND.  
 Poets have been wont to cry aloud against the devastation of science in the realm of romance, but that was before science had created a real fairyland, night after night, for millions of people, in the moving picture. Nowadays, for a nickel, children and grown-ups can see the wonders of mythology, of folk-lore, of the "Arabian Nights," of Grimm's tales and all the golden legacy of the race's visioning actually brought before them in the enchantment of color and motion. Once you could read about Daphne changing into a laurel bush, or the fairy godmother appearing out of thin air, or the ghost walking in "Hamlet." Now, you can actually see these things before your eyes.

The profound influence of the motion picture, with all its amazing devices of melting and dissolving figures, upon the poetical nature of the ordinary people can hardly be estimated. The beautiful legends, that never really had existence out of the imagination of a few creative minds, spring into a living glory on the white screen. Science, taking its cue and its help from art, has captured poetry from the dry books and out of the frozen canvas, and sent it like a messenger into the lives of the common folk. The results are very beautiful. The shadows that fall across the blue Aegean, the still forests where Robin Hood played his merry pranks, the sombre castles in which chivalry staged its imposing pageants, all these are now painted to the very life, with the leaves trembling and the waves crisping, as veritable facts before a breathless audience. Dreams as old as time are made to come true in the very scenes wherein they were set by fable.

All art arose out of the desires and sentiments of the people. The people are still proving their true and instinctive recognition of art by their devotion to this, its last incarnation. The drama may be decadent, and poetry out of date, but while the picture shows are crowded, and shopgirls and clerks gain a brief vision of beauty, the heart of the people is being lighted by the ancient flame.

"MAKE THE MEN SIT DOWN."  
 [Selected for The Times-Dispatch.]  
 "And Jesus said, Make the men sit down."—John vi. 16.  
 The scene of our text is on the far side of the Sea of Tiberias, a place which Christ seldom visited. A multitude had followed the Lord across the water and was crowded around Him to hear what He had done last and see what He would do next. The scene was one of movement and curiosity. Then later comes a change—hunger takes possession of these excited people, and they are eager and anxious for food, but know not where to seek it. Out of their midst comes the calm voice of Jesus, saying to the disciples, "Finally 5,000 are seated on the ground, and quiet comes. Instead of action, the crowd becomes receptive, they are waiting to be fed. By and by the words of Christ fall on the ears of the crowd, and they whisper to one another: "This is indeed the prophet that should come into the world."

This is the meaning we may gather from Christ's words when He said: "Make the men sit down." It is the change from the active and restless to the receptive and quiet state, from the condition in which all the life was flowing outward in eager self-assertion to the other condition in which the life was being influenced—that is being flowed upon by the richer power which came forth from Him.

To such a one self-sufficiency, self-assertion fades away and is lost. Humility, docility, faith fill his whole nature. It is a new man that hardly knows the old. All this deepening and ripening has come since the word of Jesus bade him sit down and be fed. There is danger then for many men,

if not for all, in the perpetual outgo of energy which so much of our life involves. Life seems like a great river that never stops. It is always rushing its waters outward. It gives the sea no chance to flow up into it. But yet how often there comes to the busy life of man the sense that somewhere around it there is a richness which it does not get, because it opens only outward and not inward.

Some day the heading current of your life was stopped, however. Some day in the presence of crushing sorrow or joy with that subtle possibility of great pain, the outward rush of your life was checked. You lost the sense of being one who was to act, and you were one for whom God was to do something.

It is then that we feel the peace of God and His power and understand as never before that the more earnestly you are at work for Jesus the more you need time when what you are doing for Him passes totally out of your mind, and the only thing worth thinking of seems to be what He is doing for you. That is the real meaning of the days of discouragement and self-contempt which come to all of us fellow laborers for the Lord.

Take your spare moments, your young busy man, take your half-hours in the evening, your Sundays, your times of sickness. Make them times for the real feeding of your mind and soul. Above all, let the peace of God, the peace of trust and love, the peace of religion flow in upon your consciousness the moment that business care gives it a moment's freedom.

But do not treat your spiritual life as if the inflowing of God's presence were a meal to repair the waste of the energy. Seek rather to dwell in God's presence all the time, make every act of yours a conscious effort to be at one with God, and remember an act is not simply the thing to do, it is also the reason why you do it. Everything that is done for God's sake is the gate of heaven, and the house of God. Your soul is fed thereby, and the thought of God's presence makes each act complete, even the most simple act, and gives to each daily duty a motive and divinity that links it to the furthest bounds of eternity.

Some men are even sending out their power and others ever receive; such differences must be found always. Yet in the completest souls rest and action are not antagonistic; they are hardly distinct from one another. There are few features in the life of Jesus which impress me more than this—the way in which His words and growth. His effective and receptive life went on together. What He did for man and what His Father did for Him were not separate parts of His life; they were enfolded in the same experience. He could not have become completely the Son of God without saving the world, and He could not have completely saved the world without being completely the Son of God.

So labor and patience and activity and the growth which comes by suffering ought always to make one single total life. Is not this essentially the great promise which is given to us about the eternal blessedness? We are told of heaven, that there is no temple there to which the worshippers go up; there will be no turning aside to refresh the exhausted reverence and faith and love; no special feast times in the everlasting festival, but in the very acts of service the souls, all adre with love of Him they serve, shall drink His love and wisdom into their open natures. "His servants shall serve Him and His name shall be in their foreheads." The effective and receptive life are one.

Out of this comes two lessons. The first is seek your life's nourishment in your life's work, compel your occupation to give to you the charity and faith and character and godliness which lie at its heart. The second lesson is make your restful contemplation and your most receptive listening at the lips of God, not to be mere spiritual luxuries, but forms and modes of action. Make them acts. So shall you live a life of power and depth, and such a life may God help us all to live.

The Taft orchestra is making Teddy dance the grizzly bear.

What has become of the old-fashioned swain who carried a mirror in his pocket to see if his hair was slicked right?

This will be a big week for the I-told-you-so man.

This is ambulance week in Chicago.

La Follette is a man who can strut sitting down.

The man who drinks three cups of coffee in Chicago this week will have to pay Klondike prices for them.

Swat the fly. Swat the mosquito! Swat the sparrow! Swat the rat! Swat the politician!

Why doesn't the Colonel get Jack Johnson as his campaign manager among the black Republicans? Jack knows all about strong arm methods.

Slug the fly over the ropes.

The old swimming hole will be nothing but tradition if this weather keeps up.

When the women vote conventions will be run by the rolling-pin instead of the steam roller.

It is too bad that the air-brake that saved the Colonel's train could not be used to save the Colonel.

The only good fly is a dead one.

The single ray of hope—that there will be no fight for the vice-presidential nomination.

# SOME PROBABLE INTERVIEWS WITH TAFT LEADERS THE DAY AFTER THE NOMINATION

(Copyright, 1912, by John T. McCutcheon.)



William B. McKinley, the Taft manager during the convention campaign, was interviewed to-day just before he left for Champaign to resume the direction of his vast traction interest. He did not appear especially downcast at the collapse of the Taft movement.

"Of course I'm disappointed," he said, smiling, "but not talk more candidly than I did before the nomination. I may result has been foreseen by all of us on the inside for some weeks. The President unfortunately had no real strength. We knew the game was up when he made such a poor showing in Massachusetts, which he made such a carry by a rousing majority. Instead of merely squeezing through by the skin of his teeth. And when he lost the State we knew it was a waste of time to try to prolong the agony. The sentiment of the country, as expressed in all the primaries, was manifestly against him. We had to admit that our candidate was hopelessly weak. Mr. Taft, in spite of his good qualities, doesn't interest the people and doesn't arouse the slightest enthusiasm. Consequently it has been uphill work trying to make his perfunctory support look like a wave of popularity."

"The country evidently wants the picturesque Theodore, and it won't be happy till it gets him. He has been evidenced for weeks, but we stuck to the fight in the hope of at least retaining control of the party machinery."

"How about the steam roller?" he was asked.

Mr. McKinley smiled. "Well, the trouble with what you boys call the steam roller is that no matter how meritorious our contests were, the country at large would not be convinced that a candidate who was only 8 per cent. strong in the primary elections could properly and legitimately be 99 per cent. strong in his contests. Mr. Taft, who is not a politician, said in a public speech that he believed that the committee would support him. It was a frightful error of judgment, if not of ethics, to make such a statement in public."



Senator Crane was interviewed to-day just before taking a train for Boston.

"It's too bad," he said. "I'm very fond of Mr. Taft, but I'm afraid we'll have to admit that he has lost the sympathy of the country. Of course, we are not surprised at the result. The thing has been foreseen for some time. It has been an unfortunate muddle, and I feel one who am anxious to get away from it. This style of fighting does not appeal to me in the least."

## SUIT FOR POSSESSION OF CRAKEMARSH HALL

One-Legged Cab Driver Opposes Widow of Titanic Victim.

BY LA MARQUISE DE FONTENAY.

TYRRELL WILLIAM CAVENDISH, who lost his life in the Titanic disaster, has left his American widow, Julia (daughter of Henry Siegel, of New York, by his first marriage), with two sons and a lawsuit on her hands. The suit, which has been pending for some time, is for the possession of Crakemarth Hall, Uttuxton, Staffordshire, which she now occupies as lady of the manor.

The claimant in the suit is Ben Tyrrell, a one-legged cab-driver, of Burton-on-Trent, and incidentally he claims a large sum of money, in the neighborhood of \$1,000,000, received by Tyrrell Cavendish's cousin, Harry Cavendish, some years ago from the sale of Thornton Hall, in Buckinghamshire. He also puts forward pretensions to the ancient Tyrrell baronetcy.

The latter was created by Charles I. in favor of his master of the buckhounds, Sir Timothy Tyrrell. Another Tyrrell was privy counselor, a third distinguished general, and a fourth a gentleman in waiting to the King. The cabman claims to be descended from Sir Thomas Tyrrell, who died in 1705.

At Sir Thomas's death the estates and title descended to his grandson, Charles, third son of his eldest son, and on Charles's death the baronetcy was understood to become extinct, while the estates were claimed by the family attorney, a man by the name of Sheppard, who had taken the precaution of marrying a niece of Sir Charles Tyrrell, and who was able to secure the property on the strength of this union. One of Sheppard's descendants, the owner of the Tyrrell Hall, which included Crakemarth Hall, was knighted, and became Sir Thomas Sheppard. He died without issue, leaving the property to a niece, Elizabeth Hart by name, who married the Hon. Richard Cavendish, son of the second Lord Waterpark.

It is the Hon. Richard Cavendish who in this way became possessed of the Crakemarth Hall estates, and of other Tyrrell property, who was the grandfather of the Tyrrell William Cavendish who married Miss Siegel. The one-legged cabman bases his claim upon the fact that Sir Thomas Tyrrell had three sons—namely, Charles, Thomas and John, the latter born on November 18, 1754—and is able to prove that John married and had male children, who were living at the time when their cousin, Sir Charles Tyrrell, died without issue, and should therefore have inherited the baronetcy and estates.

Mutilated parish registers, the intentional destruction and removal of monuments and tablets to the memory of members of the Tyrrell family in the parish church, etc., all go to



Senator Penrose was interviewed at the Englewood Station, whether he had gone to catch the Washington train and avoid the reporters. The Senator was not pleased to see the newspaper men.

"What have you to say about the result, Senator?" "You wouldn't print what I have to say," he responded, far from amiably.

"Did you foresee the collapse of the Taft boom?" he was asked.

The Senator snorted contemptuously. "Taft boom? That's a joke. There never was any Taft boom to collapse. It was a hot-house product, nursed by Federal officeholders, and it withered at the first blast of the primaries, when the people had a chance to express themselves. There was no real boom for Taft. Why, it was like trying a pulmotor on a mummy to inject any spontaneous spirit into that boom."

"Did you look for its collapse?" "Why, of course. Do you suppose I have been in politics all my life without learning anything? The Taft movement never had any real strength. It didn't spring from any popular sentiment. It has been tottering for weeks. You've never heard anybody seriously say that he thought Taft could be elected, or even that he was for it. Nobody has believed he could be elected since those primary States have declared themselves. And as for the Southern delegates, there was no chance of holding them. Because they were secured for Taft early in the game on the promise that Roosevelt would not be a candidate. As soon as he became a candidate these delegates thought they had been hoodwinked. Mr. Taft's strength has been artificial. The people who vote for him were for him only because they were against Roosevelt. There was no real loyalty for Taft."

The crowd they will have a lot of plain and fancy explaining to do."



William Barnet, the big New York boss, who has been the Taft leader in the convention, was not in a cheerful humor when he was interviewed at his hotel to-day.

"Taft campaign was doomed from the start. The man who made William famous never had the ghost of a show. Think of the political sagacity shown in running his campaign! A traction magnate as manager and the Loring-Searns at his leaders in the convention fight! It is pathetic. Of course, we knew what the outcome would be, but we hoped to hold the Taft delegates together for use in switching to a third candidate. We thought there might be a chance of skinning Roosevelt in spite of his popularity with the people. It was like trying to put out a prairie fire with a garden hose. The people wanted the Oyster Bay dictator, and the more we worked the harder they maddled the matter. They got the more determined the country became to have him. He's got this country buffaloed. And a lot of those steam roller chauffeurs are afraid to go back to their constituents now. They'll find they will have a lot of plain and fancy explaining to do."

Rhinebeck, N. Y., as having been arranged in London. The bridegroom-to-be is the eldest son of the Hon. William A. Vanneck, the brother and heir presumptive of the Earl of Huntingfield, who is seventy years old and unmarried. Miss Crosby's fiancé, a young man of thirty-one, is a lieutenant in the Thirtieth Hussars, while Miss Crosby is the only daughter of the late Mr. Ernest Crosby, of Rhinebeck, N. Y. He was the son of the late Rev. Howard Crosby, D. D., of New York, a noted divine and an authority on New Testament Greek. I once heard the old gentleman relate with much gusto the following good story about his sons, Nicholas, the younger, was his mother's favorite, a fact about which the elder boy, Ernest, was disposed to gibe. "Nick," he asked one day, "what is the difference between mother and the children of Israel?" "Don't know," said Nick. "Well," said Ernest, "the children of Israel worshipped a golden calf. Mother worships a nickel."

Miss Eleanor Crosby is well known in New York society, is a member of the Colony Club and is a relative of the Schieffelin family. (Copyright, 1912, by the Brentwood Company.)

**NATIONAL STATE AND CITY BANK**  
 RICHMOND, VA.  
**3% ON SAVINGS 3%**

## Money While Traveling

Convenience and economy in money matters when traveling are assured by using the Brown Bros. & Co. Letters of Credit issued by this bank.

We are also agents for American Bankers' Association and Brown Bros. & Co. Travelers' Checks, which are honored everywhere, and which save the traveler time and worry in securing funds whenever needed.

**UNDER BOTH U.S. GOV'T & STATE SUPERVISION**